

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 681 FIFTEENTH YEAR
Vol. XXIII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1895.

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895

The Tennyson Beacon

WE REPRINT FROM *The Critic* of April 27 the closing paragraphs in reference to the proposed memorial of Lord Tennyson on the Isle of Wight:—

"A year has passed since the appeal for this simple, but beautiful and fitting monument to the late—perhaps the last—Laureate was first heard in this country, yet the modest sum of \$6000 needed to build the Beacon has not yet been raised. Over \$4000 has been subscribed in England, but less than \$1000 has been contributed as yet by American lovers of the Laureate's poetry, the exact sum thus far acknowledged being \$720. Mrs. James T. Fields and Mr. Dana Estes, who have taken a most active part in the effort to make America's contribution a worthy one, have asked us to call attention to the position the affair is now in. We gladly do so; and we urge our readers, and indeed all Americans who admire Tennyson's noble poetry and blameless life, to lose no time in responding to their appeal. By special request, *The Critic* will receive, acknowledge and forward all contributions to the fund that may be sent to this office. And no one need hesitate to join in this tribute to the Laureate's memory because his donation is less than he would like to make it. Names of contributors will be published in every instance, unless we are asked to withhold them."

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Literature

"Hero-Tales of Ireland"

By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

WHETHER AS A COLLECTION of marvellous stories, or as material for the comparative mythologist, this is one of the most valuable contributions to folk-lore that have been made in recent years. We do not except even the author's former volume, "Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland." The present book contains a larger proportion of well-constructed tales, and, though some others are mere ruins of what they were, it does not require a trained sense to make out at least a general plan, and to take a vivid delight in frequent beautiful or curious details. If there is less of common humanity than in the Arabian Nights, or in German *Märchen*, this is compensated for by the quantity and the quality of the marvellous. The Gael, in his wildest flights, hovers continually over the border line that divides the miraculous from the comic, and a grim or charming impossibility is sure to be followed by some astounding bit of farce. Not the smallest share of the interest attaching to the tales is due to their analogies with classic myths. There are plain traces of the original nature myth in several. Mists and clouds, as the Irish climate would lead us to expect, play a great part in these allegories. The fertilizing rain-cloud, the Grey Milch Cow, is brought from Spain to Ireland by Elin, the Celtic Hephaistos, but his herdsman, the Wind, inadvertently gets in front of her, when she rises in the air, and she is driven by the strong upper-current back to Spain again. The nursery verses, "Rain, rain, go to Spain," are, doubtless, to be referred to this bit of pre-historic meteorology.

In the story of "Cathal and Bloom of Youth," the Princess of Hathony (Sicily) is the warm south wind. When her betrothed, Prince Cathal, goes to claim her, he finds that she has been carried away by the storm-wind, the "Son of the King of Tricks," which last-named personage is plainly our old friend, Hermes. When the hero follows, the abductor blows his ship back to Hathony. Cathal obtains a winged horse, storms his rival's castle, and puts him and his forces to rout, only to discover that Wet Mantle, the mist, has been before him and has stolen away his bride. Wet Mantle, when worsted in single combat, admits that he has been compelled to part with Bloom of Youth to Long Sweeper, the rain-cloud. Long Sweeper has surrendered her to Black Horseman, the thunder-cloud, and Black Horseman

bemoans her loss and that of "all his wealth, all his men and all his magic" to White Beard, the snow-cloud. Provided with a torch of lightning by the Black Horseman, Cathal crosses the broad ocean river to the dim land of shining ways where White Beard's castle stands, lost in a mist of enchantment. Its owner he finds fast asleep; his mistress, who has put each of her captors in succession under *geasa* (obligations) not to marry her, has this time, to make assurance double sure, thrust a "sleeping-pin" into the old hero's head, which, presumably, keeps the wheels therein from going round. They leave him still asleep in his hidden castle, and, thanking the old henwife who had shown Cathal its whereabouts, mount the winged horse, light their torch and recross the ocean river to Hathony and thence to Erin. In a similar tale the lady is White Beard's daughter; so that she may, perhaps, be the spring. "Blaiman, Son of Apple" (that is to say, Apple-blossom) is in part another spring myth, and it is worth remarking that its opening incident, coupled with the last in the story of Bloom of Youth, would reproduce, except for local color, the story of "Princess Peperina" in Mrs. Steele's "Tales of the Punjab." It is hardly necessary to compare the flying horse to Pegasus, or to add that the cloud-cow is known in East Indian story, and in Greek myths also. The *Gruagach* in another story, whose head, when cut from his shoulders, flies up to heaven, and whose body sinks into the earth, is plainly a cloud; and the strange story of Balor, which appears in fragments in several of the tales, while it corresponds in part with that of King Acrisius, is, on the whole, more like that of the cloud-stealer, Vritra, in the Vedas.

Other tales appear to have the year, days and nights, months and seasons, for characters, and there are indications of an intercalary month in the incident of the rescue of Gold Boot from the field of impaled champions, and that of the raven and the doves in the same legend. There are lower-world fables, of King Under the Wave's Elysium, of far-away Lonesome Island (a conception worthy of Poe), and of the Terrible Valley that opens beneath the hoof of the White Horse. But you have not finished with your hero tale when you have discovered that it is or may be a story of winter and summer, or of life and death, or sun and rain, or wind and cloud. Like the Scotchman's boiled head of mutton, there is a deal of confused and various feeding in it. To Mr. Curtin the cases of metamorphosis which we have purposely omitted to consider are the most significant passages, and he compares them with similar stories current among our American Indians. We must refer the reader to his introduction for what he has to say on this head, only remarking that he concludes with the largest claims yet made in behalf of the infant science of folk-lore. The belief in the life index, the institution of *geasa*, or obligations laid upon a man at will by strangers, the slighting allusions to other trades than that of the swordsmith, the appearance of nature-gods bearing clan names, will interest the inquirer into ancient manners. Above all, it must not be overlooked that the stories were composed, as they are now told, for amusement, and that, while to the Gael, as to the Briton of King Arthur's time, all the world was "fulfilled of faery," yet, as a rule, he took such matters lightly. Much of the extravagance of the stories is wilful, or is put in only for the sake of artistic keeping. Heroes who have to wield the sword of light, to fight the mists of death, to make perilous voyages to Lonesome Island, and to carry away the Swan of Endless Tales, putting a finger under her girdle, must needs be extraordinary beings, though they may have their places in clan genealogies. Perseus, who founded Mycenæ, was thirty feet high according to the poets. Why, then, should not Conal, the grandfather of Saint Colomkill, who founded Iona, leap eleven miles from ship to shore in order to do battle with the High King of the World? At a very early date the good storyteller understood that realism in fiction is a contradiction in terms.

"History of the United States"

By E. Benjamin Andrews. With maps. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PRESIDENT of Brown University knows from experience what public schools are. He has studied modern life in its peculiar phases and relations. As a preacher in the largest denomination of Christians in this country, he has learned a good deal about what President Lincoln called "the plain people," their ways of feeling and thinking; as the head of a historic educational institution, he knows both books and young men. He is especially interested in national subjects, and served under the flag during the war for the Union. It follows, then, that a volume on our history from his pen must necessarily have strong characteristics. It is impossible, in a book of about 700 pages of large print, to treat anything minutely, or even to allow rhetorical expansion at favorite points, so that the author has been obliged to content himself with glances and terse statements. He is economical in dates, but figures are sufficiently numerous on his pages to enable the reader to keep chronological perspective and proportions. President Andrews is evidently familiar with the recent researches made in local history, as, for example, by the scholars and students connected with Johns Hopkins University. Emphasis is laid, also, upon the political evolution of the great organism called the United States; and, above most histories, we think, this one seems to follow harmoniously the lines of progress unto the full consummation. As an architect, in building a cathedral, carefully observes symmetry in all parts of his structure, so has the writer used his special abilities in showing fairness to all the elements centering in the great American body politic.

The reader is charmed by the glowing presentation of the general features of a great movement like that of the American Revolution, or of a composite literary photograph of the leaders, instead of attempted detail. Yet, if the criticism be fair, it would have seemed more like that ideal writing of history which may come in the millennium, if the leaders on both sides had been fairly photographed, and the aspects of both sides of a cause or question been properly developed from the negative of attainable facts. It may, we think, be said with justice, that neither the French, British nor Confederate sides are stated with anything like the fullness or fairness awarded to the victors; but, as this is "a history of the United States," and not of the attacks which it has survived, perhaps we must be content. The first volume is devoted entirely to what the author calls "The Fore-History," that is, to discovery, settlement and colonization, to English America, the Revolution and the old Confederation. All the innumerable discoveries of America before Columbus are disposed of in an introduction of seven pages, but Columbus gets ten. The Revolution is handsomely treated, with sufficient notice of detail to give a connected story, but in the main the picture is set before us in happy generalization and crisp paragraph, rather than in lengthened story. The author's lively interest in economics and American social history gives to his account of the growth of the young Republic a vivacity that will make his work, unless we mistake, a favorite in the home, and with readers who take but little interest in politics or the details of war. We are not certain that President Andrews is orthodox in all his conclusions about finance, but he seems to know well the limits imposed upon the historian who chronicles the story of men and things that are still warm with life and passion, instead of irrevocably of the past, covered by the dust of centuries. The Civil War is sketched in bold lines, and the story of Reconstruction well told, while on questions that are still living, such as the fisheries dispute, the New South, the New West, the Centennial and World's Columbian expositions, there is abundant food for thought and conversation. Unless we mistake, this book is certain of a hearty reception.

"Out of the East"

Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE PERMANENT WORTH of a novelist's work, as has been well said, is discernible as soon as his books go into a library edition. So, also, magazine papers, though hastily read or slurred over by average readers, have a new claim upon the attention of the public when they come forth in book-form. Mr. Hearn's eleven papers illuminating Japanese life have been gathered from the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and we welcome the book containing them, despite its very un-Japanese binding of bright yellow. Mr. Hearn reached Japan at a happy moment. The country was open, and the murderous "foreigner-haters" no longer plied their cowardly trade of slitting up the backs of unsuspecting aliens and killing them from behind. English and American scholars had by their researches opened the mines of Japanese knowledge, and translated the country's classics, documents and literature. Well-armed and equipped with the knowledge thus brought to his hand, the author, who long ago bade goodbye to Christianity and Western civilization, was enabled to see Japanese life as very few see it. The light that never was on sea or land is on his pages, for he is an artist in words. It is a kind of little paradise that we enter when we step into Mr. Hearn's Japan, for his Japan, fascinating, wonderful and fairy-like, is exactly the sort of a palace in Wonderland which the little girl of Teutonic legend saw when the magic eye-salve had been smeared over her eyelids, but which proved to be a cave, filthy and cold, when the eye-salve had been removed.

The first paper between these yellow and silver covers retells in fascinating phrase the story of Urashima, who followed the daughter of the king of the world under the sea. Under her glamor and thrall, time did not exist, and everything, though in reality wet, slimy, cold and fishy to the human being, seemed infinitely lovely. With a spell like that laid upon Urashima, Mr. Hearn, oblivious of the vileness and dirt and moral slime that are simply abominable to the Anglo-Saxon man, and unspeakable to the Anglo-Saxon woman, discourses sweet words and sings a siren song that would determine many of his readers to go and dwell in the land where the sun rises. In "With Kyushu Students," he gives us glimpses of the Japanese mind, very much as astronomers show us glimpses of the moon—extinct craters, mountains and valleys revealing to us their shining points and lines, their moving shadows and their permanent depths of darkness, because the same sun which shines on our planet casts radiance on its satellite. The average Japanese cannot understand or enjoy our novels, for (unfortunately, in Mr. Hearn's idea) the faith of the Occidental mind is "grim": there is a distance between God and man. In Western ideas, God is personal and a reality, whereas in the Oriental mind there is no God, but only myriads of dead men and phantasies of all sorts, transfigured so as to be called gods. There is, also, a miscellaneous bundle of laws and principles, which, to the educated man, stands for something that might possibly receive the compliment of a capital G, when expressed in a word of three letters. Many things that to us are moral, are immoral to them. Hence it requires considerable intellectual drill for a normal Japanese to understand or appreciate our literature. To those who do understand and appreciate it, without, as the Japanese themselves say, "gulping down Herbert Spencer at one gulp," our literature is a kind of newly discovered fairy-land full of endless charm and delight. To Mr. Hearn, Herbert Spencer is "the world's greatest thinker," and his gospel has been so read, marked and inwardly digested by the author, that the latter's naïveté in handling some of the great problems of thought is at times decidedly amusing. Mr. Hearn argues against what he thinks is the absurdity of trying to convert the Japanese to Christianity, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese have been repeatedly converted to foreign religions. Every one of their cults, even Shintô,

was originally transplanted from other than Japanese soils. Apart from his polemics, however, Mr. Hearn's essays are delightful. They furnish us with the means of making a comparative study in psychology, ethics, religion and social customs, which, to one interested in these themes, is positively entrancing. Despite their tendency to murder, their ingrained cruelty, slight valuation of human life and other traits that are utterly opposed to a high ideal of character as we understand the term, the Japanese have traits which show them to be so different from the Chinese that the world should by this time have found out and acted upon the facts. Towards such a discovery and knowledge Mr. Hearn will be an invaluable helper.

The New Edition of Poe

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Newly Collected and Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. In ten volumes. Vols. I.-III. Stone & Kimball.

THE FULL TITLE of this edition authorizes us to hope for much, since all former editions have been merely copies of Griswold's, printed in 1850. Yet the editors, Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry, admit that Griswold's is a tolerably complete collected edition, and find little in it to improve on. They have made use of some manuscript corrections made by Poe on the margins of his published volumes, and one tale, "The Elk," is added for the first time. The other alterations are not of very great consequence. The form of the edition, however, is very attractive, the illustrations by Mr. Albert Sterner being less out of keeping with the text than usual; and there is a carefully written memoir by Mr. Woodberry, and a sympathetic and learned introduction by Mr. Stedman. Like all previous biographers of Poe, Mr. Woodberry gives a large share of his attention to the habits of intoxication which had so fatal an effect on Poe's career. The mere facts are admitted, and, except for their results on his style, they may now be left to the pathologist—unless, indeed, a writer as gifted as Poe himself arise to tell the story of his downfall. Poe's morbid sensitiveness, the curiously abstract nature of his fancies, are remarked upon by Mr. Stedman. The latter quality he ascribes to a lack of altruism, which, however, was an even more common failing in Poe's time than it is at present. "He started a revolt against 'the didactic,' and was our national propagandist of the now hackneyed formula, Art for Art's sake, and of the creed that in perfect beauty consists the fullest truth," Mr. Stedman says; and he hints that in this way his own writings have been influenced by those of Poe. This is much to say of any writer of latter-day English, for the vice of the didactic is perhaps the worst that can be charged against our modern literature as a whole.

In arranging the famous tales, which fill the first three volumes of the collection, Mr. Stedman has also conferred a benefit upon the reader. He puts first those romances of death which include so much of Poe's most subtle work—"Ligeia," "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Colloquy of Monos and Una." Then follow tales of conscience, like "The Black Cat" and "William Wilson"; tales of natural beauty, like "The Domain of Arnheim," tales of pseudo-science, such as "Hans Pfaall" and "A Descent into the Maelström"; and in the third volume come the tales of ratiocination and of illusion, in which Poe was almost as great a master as in those of pure fancy—"The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," "The Premature Burial" and "The Spectacles." Of the portraits prefixed to these three volumes, two are from daguerrotypes and are remarkably like one another, though apparently taken at a considerable time apart, and still more remarkably unlike the wretched mezzotint-engraving by Sartain, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of Vol. I. In the daguerrotypes it is easy to see the American and the man of his day. We could wish that Mr. Stedman had extended his charming essay by including some estimate of the effect of

the land and the period upon Poe as an artist. We have always felt that it was very great—much greater than has been supposed.

This new edition of Poe was discussed at some length in the Chicago Letter in *The Critic* of Jan. 5.

Some Recent French Books

1. *La Petite Paroisse*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Brentano's. 2. *L'Armature*. Par Paul Hervieu. Meyer Bros. & Co. 3. *Le Désert*. Par Pierre Loti. Brentano's.

THIS NEW NOVEL from Daudet's pen (1) is an agreeable surprise after "Rose et Ninette," which caused us to believe that the author's best days had gone, never to return. In the present book, on the other hand, we find again, in a certain measure, at least, some of his best qualities. The story is well written and well constructed, although the *dénouement* is a little long drawn out and terribly conventional; for some reason, it makes one think of Georges Ohnet at his worst. The thesis Daudet puts forth in this story is, however, less admirable. "Forgive and, if possible, forget," he preaches to deceived and deserted husbands; "tue-la!" was written by a "marchand de phrases." They are certainly not lucky in their marital experiences, the people that live near "la Petite Paroisse," the chapel built by one of them in memory of his wife, who had eloped with a painter and been taken back lovingly to die at home. Besides this forgiving gentleman, there is an old bailiff, whose wife had left him years ago, but had not returned to be forgiven; his son, whose wife follows the traditions of the place; and, finally, the "hero," Richard Féniçan, who has married a foundling against his mother's wishes. This child of unknown parents has vagabond instincts, which are explained in due time by the straightforward, simple laws of heredity that modern novelists and dramatists have invented for their own use. Mme. Richard Féniçan elopes with a young nobleman of the neighborhood, is deserted, and returns home to share again the humdrum, material life of plenty of fresh air, plenty of food and plenty of sleep that her husband loves. Of course, Féniçan passes some bad moments, hours of horrible, jealous suffering, but he desires his wife more than he loves her; so he swallows injury and ridicule, and goes fishing again, returning home at night to sit before the fire and feast his senses on the solid charms of his reclaimed soiled dove.

M. Daudet's arguments are thoroughly unconvincing, of course. He even has recourse to the Arabs to prove his case, because the children of the desert forgive the past and only demand virtue of their women after they have married them. The whole thing is somewhat repulsive to the reader—disagreeable as is physical uncleanness. The false air of Christian teaching thrown over the book strengthens this impression. Of greater interest is the other side of the story—the letters wherein the young Prince of Olmütz chronicles his impressions and experiences. He is extremely "last train," this young nobleman, *blasé*, unscrupulous, rotten morally to the core at eighteen. He laughs at patriotism, honor and family; everything is *blague*. And with all that he analyzes and recognizes that a state of mind and soul such as his will bring the country to perdition:—"Les mots: patrie, drapeau, famille, n'éveillent en moi que des échos hypocrites, du vent, du son. Vous êtes pareil, mon cher Vallongue, avec cette variante, que, chez vous, tout vient de l'étude, de la réflexion. Votre cerveau, comme celui de tant de jeunes Français, est une conquête de la philosophie allemande, conquête autrement sérieuse que celle de l'Alsace et même de la Lorraine." Daudet sees the danger and points it out. Whether German philosophers are responsible for it, we do not know. But it exists, and has grown from decadent books to life among the people, until now it has attacked the hitherto healthy core. If a reaction has set in, as we are told, it will take many years before it shall have neutralized and destroyed the poison. Daudet has built a

very interesting story on a thesis that is untenable; but why this story should have recalled "Madame Bovary" to the mind of a recent reviewer, we are at a loss to understand: the two novels have nothing in common except the breaking of the same commandment.

Gold is the material of which Paul Hervieu's "Armature" (2) is constructed. The "supporting structure" around which our social life is built up, and on which it rests, according to him, is wealth. The man of countless millions has become a great factor in French fiction. Ohnet has employed him, Gyp amuses herself at his expense, calling him "le Baron Sinaï," and M. Hervieu shows us seriously what power he has. For even those independent of his bounty have learned to bow to Croesus, and to intrigue for invitations to his dinners, his hunts and his balls. So the money of one man is followed by this writer in all directions, into the pockets it fills, and thence is traced the influence it exerts upon head and heart and character. The question of a wife's unfaithfulness here takes on a different aspect: Mme. Richard Féniçan returned home after her escapade and, it seems, was received with open arms by her own circle as well as by her husband; the Countess de Grommelain discovers that a woman can sin in the eyes of society as long as her husband is blind or complaisant, and lends her the protection of his presence and his name. But when a scandal results, well, then she must take the consequences, and be cast out as an unclean thing and a disgrace to the holy state of matrimony. And the women who do as she has done, but have not yet been found out, cast the first stone; for is not the family the foundation of society, and must not its sanctity be protected? Whether we read Gyp or Hervieu, Marcel Prévost or Paul Bourget, the impression left is nearly always the same, and it is not an agreeable one. "L'Armature," be it said in conclusion, is a remarkable piece of writing, and the chapter headed "Jacques d'Exireuil" a masterpiece.

The eternal silence of the sea of sand is in Pierre Loti's pages (3). The atmosphere of this new book from his pen is delicate beyond comparison, as it is in all his works. This pilgrimage across the peninsula of Sinaï, in the footsteps of Moses and the tribes, will be followed by a volume on Jerusalem, filled, no doubt, with mysticism and the untraceable charm of Loti's Oriental imagination. The reader easily abandons himself entirely to the audible silence of the desert and the long, balancing stride of the camels in these pages, and makes the long road with Loti, observing with him, and sharing his impressions. We may point out, *en passant*, a remarkable short description of the monastery of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinaï, founded about 527 by the Emperor Justinian.

A New Edition of Defoe

Romances and Narratives by Daniel Defoe. Edited by George A. Aitken. Macmillan & Co.

THIS EDITION, published by Dent, London, begins, as a matter of course, with "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner." Crusoe's "Farther Adventures" follow in a separate volume, and his little-read "Serious Reflections" in a third. The collection will contain not only those later novels that are usually reprinted in collections or separately, but such scarce and almost unknown works as the "Due Preparations for the Plague" and "The King of the Pirates." In his "General Introduction" Mr. Aitken undertakes to rehabilitate Defoe's character, which has suffered much at the hands of recent critics and biographers. It seems to be evident, however, that Defoe always loved a likely lie better than he did the truth, and it is difficult to acquit him of writing on both sides of every question of the day, in part from personal motives. His talk of morality reads very much like the customary cant of the time, and in saying that Defoe "suffered for underestimating the stupidity of his readers," Mr. Aitken seems to us to underestimate vastly Defoe's shrewdness. He appears to have been a clever and none too scrupulous man, living in a rough and stupid time, who sometimes profited and sometimes suffered by its stu-

pidity. His career as a political agent of the secret service may have been no worse than appears on the face of the evidence, but the spy is never a wholly respectable character. It is fair, however, to say that Defoe was more sinned against than sinning, and that he was in many respects superior to the men who persecuted or made use of him. Mr. Aitken falls into what we believe is a common error in ascribing the realistic effect of Defoe's romances largely to his inartistic habits of composition, and in suggesting that these were wholly assumed for the sake of that effect. The dodges of writing badly and loading a story with uninteresting details have been often tried since Defoe's time and never, we believe, with success; while, on the other hand, such very artistic work as Poe's and Swift's has produced an equal effect of reality. Defoe's is a characteristically English mind, unappreciative of form and moving naturally in a dense medium—dense, that is, with knowledge of facts, not with ignorance. In the introduction to "Robinson Crusoe" the facts about Selkirk or Selcraig, and about other shipwrecked persons whose adventures may have suggested those of Defoe's hero, are briefly mentioned; and in an appendix to the "Serious Reflections," Capt. Woodes Rogers's account of Selkirk, and Steele's reference to him, are given in full. The three volumes, which are illustrated from spirited drawings by J. B. Yeats, not particularly well reproduced in photogravure, are of handy size, excellently printed and well bound (a somewhat unusual circumstance in books of the sort) in dark-green cloth covers.

"The World's Great Farm"

By Selina Gaye. With a Preface by G. S. Boulger. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co.

AS THE TITLE of this pretty volume indicates, the subject of general natural history is treated from a new standpoint, and most successfully so. How seldom does it happen that we find ourselves realizing what stupendous changes are being effected by the inconspicuous forms of animal life so abundantly about us. How our grandfathers would have stared if the subject of insect fertilization had been mentioned, and did anyone prior to White of Selborne realize what agricultural labors were being performed by earthworms? The popular presentation of the multifarious facts of nature has become so frequent a feature of the year's new books, that it is really a difficult matter to make a selection, if we are limited to the reading or buying of but one or two works. The volume under consideration covers an immense range of subjects, and every chapter whets the appetite for further information in that direction, yet there is nothing sketchy about the book. The author points out in a lucid manner how soil is formed by the disintegration of rocks, and then how it is fertilized by creatures of every kind; likewise the part played by the decomposition of vegetable matter. In other words, man is not the world's only farmer. It strikes us that additional cuts scattered through the text would have been an advantage, as, in such works as this, they seem to have a greater educational value than full-page plates, of which the book has a very excellent series. The author is not an evolutionist, and this is a pity, as some portions of the text would have been clearer, if treated from that standpoint. Surely, it would seem, she must know that evolution is a law, and not a theory.

New Books and New Editions

THIS IS THE age of economic cranks, and no subject of an economic sort can be long before the public without giving birth to a number of theories and treatises of a kind to make the judicious grieve. Two specimens of such work now lie before us. The first is by Arthur I. Fonda, and is entitled "Honest Money." The author adopts the theory of a multiple standard of value, which has sometimes been discussed by economists, and endeavors to show how it could be made the basis of a money system. He would have the government take a hundred of the commodities most useful for the purposes of human life, ascertain how much of each of them a dollar would buy, and then take a hundredth part of all these commodities as the value of a dollar. Paper money would then be issued by the government representing such values, and redeemable in any of the commodities in question, this paper money to take the place of silver and gold. We think that our readers can judge of the feasibility of Mr. Fonda's plan without help from us. (Macmillan & Co.)—THE OTHER BOOK, "A Scientific Solution of the Money Question," by Arthur Kitson, is in some directions an improvement on Mr. Fonda's volume. Mr. Kitson would not allow the government to issue any money at all,

nor does he advocate a multiple standard. On the contrary, he would allow any man who has a single commodity of any sort—wheat, iron, or what not—which he wishes to "monetize," to issue paper money up to the value of that commodity. This, it is evident, would give us plenty of money; but what it would be worth is a question that Mr. Kitson unfortunately omits to answer. (Arena Pub. Co.)

"BRITISH BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS," by W. Furneaux, is a beautiful book, even in these days of fine book-making, and the illustrations are well-nigh perfect. The uncolored cuts in the text are wonderfully fine, and we have truth to nature in black-and-white effects, which is not often reached. The author has done for British butterflies what it is greatly to be wished some one would do for American butterflies. Our lepidopterologists have done excellent work, but their publications are quite out of the reach of the general public. Mr. Furneaux's text is very readable, and, when we come to the pages dealing with directions for collecting, there is an outdoor flavor about them that brings up many a vision of flowery meads and abundant butterflies. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE AMPHIOXUS was first described by Pallas, the German zoölogist, in the year 1778. It is a curious little fish, less than three inches in length, without eyes, but which becomes greatly excited if a candle is brought into its presence in a dark room in which it is being kept in a glass jar. It is an inhabitant of shallow water, rarely venturing into the deep sea, and is found in temperate and tropical zones. To students of biology it is of great interest, as being perhaps the lowest in the scale of fishes, and an intermediary between the vertebrates and invertebrates. Mr. Arthur Willey's book on the "Amphioxus and the Ancestry of Vertebrates" is an exhaustive treatise on its history, habits, anatomy, etc. (Macmillan & Co.)

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOLLS," we find from the colored pictures after drawings by Mr. Alan Wright, are all, as to face and figure, of a single cheap and humble type, and owe their glory to their dresses, which often reproduce particular costumes worn by ladies of note in one way or another. Catherine, Countess of Claremont, appears in ermine-lined mantle and long court-train of lace and crimson silk; Amy Robsart in green satin with an immense black velvet hat and white feather; Queen Elizabeth in gold tissue and gold beads. Ernestine, brought from Berne, is dressed as a Swiss peasant, and the Duchess of Parma in white greets Count Almaviva in blue. French ballet-dancers were favorite subjects to copy. Mlle. Léontine Heberle, as Columbine, in pink and white, converses with M. Musard, as clown, in blue and yellow; Marie Taglioni appears as La Sylphide in a much abbreviated muslin skirt, Mlle. Rosalie Taglioni in a peasant cap set on askew, and Mlle. Brocard, who married the Duke of Lorraine, in a gorgeous costume of crimson and black. Mlle. Proche, in the opera of "Un Jour à Naples," pulls out the drawer of a tiny table, and Mlle. Sylvie Leconte, who married Prince Poniatowski, is perched upon a piano-stool vastly too tall for her, dressed in a short skirt of pale blue. The descriptive letter-press is by Frances H. Low. (Marcus Ward & Co.)

"THE CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM, 1817-1890," is treated at length by Roeliff Morton Breckenridge. The work is so long and elaborate, containing more than 450 octavo pages, besides appendixes, that we fear it will not find many readers, notwithstanding the timeliness of some of the topics treated. The author has evidently made a careful study of his subject, and has endeavored to ascertain and state the facts with accuracy; but the book, like many other works of a similar character which our younger writers are now producing, is overloaded with historical details, which are likely to repel the reader who consults it for practical purposes. It is better written, however, than some works of its kind that we have seen. (American Economic Ass'n.)—THE HISTORY OF "The Free Trade Struggle in England," by the late Gen. M. M. Trumbull, has been issued in pamphlet-form in the Religion of Science Library. It is an excellent account of the fight against the corn laws, told in popular and effective style, and, as the lessons it teaches are sadly needed now in this country, we wish it a wide reading. (Open Court Pub. Co.)—"HALF A CENTURY WITH JUDGES AND LAWYERS," by Joseph A. Willard, Clerk of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, is an entertaining book, full of reminiscences of prominent men and teeming with good stories. It contains as a frontispiece a portrait of the author. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Religious and Theological Literature

"THE CARTOONS OF ST. MARK" is the attractive title of a volume of sermons by the Rev. Dr. F. Horton, a brilliant light in the Congregational pulpit of Great Britain. One of the younger scholars, he has shown what a fervent Gospel preacher a master of the higher criticism can be. Thoroughly at home in German critical science and learning, Dr. Horton makes his studies of the Gospel and the words of the Master wonderfully stimulating to faith. Taking his illustrations from the mosaics in the Church of St. Mark at Venice, which suggests an illustrated Bible that speaks to the eye rather than to the ear, the author draws in bold lines a cartoon from each of the striking chapters of the Gospel of St. Mark. We might say, rather, that, with St. Mark's cartoons of healing, forgiveness, demons and death, rejection and reception, transfiguration, altar, crucifixion and resurrection, this literary artist and weaver of richly colored sermon-tapestries reproduces before us the thoughts that were in the great Evangelist's mind. Sanity, clarity, charity, insight, love of the real truth and lack of all idolatry for mere tradition and conventionality are the characteristics of this strong writer and preacher. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

A FRIEND OF the whole world was the late A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston. He seemed to love equally well both humanity in general and individuals in particular. He worked with equal zeal for half-naked savages in Africa and cultured friends and neighbors in the modern Athens. A busy pastor, a silver-tongued preacher, an untiring man-of-affairs, he was, also, a clear and strong writer. The book now before us, "The Ministry of the Spirit," proved to be his swan-song, for he died either before it left the press, or just about the time of its issue. This was Dr. Gordon's favorite theme. He believed that, as Christ was the visible manifestation of God, so the Spirit was the invisible image of the Father and of the Son. His chapters rather limit than expand the sphere of discussion concerning the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. He has endeavored to simplify his subject by dwelling upon the time-ministry of the Holy Ghost, without entering upon the consideration of its eternal ministry. What the Spirit did before the incarnation of Christ, and what it may do hereafter, beyond the second advent of Christ, is a subject hardly touched upon in this volume. Dr. Gordon seeks rather to emphasize and magnify the great truth that the Paraclete is now present in the Church, and that we are living in the dispensation of the spirit, with all the unspeakable blessings for the Church and for the world which this economy provides. The author has presented his thoughts in a simple, clear and forcible style. There are two indexes, one of Scripture passages, and the other of subjects. The book is beautifully printed. (Baptist Publication Soc.)

ON THE RETURN of their delegate, Swami Vivekananda, from the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the Hindu community of Calcutta met in the Town Hall, 5 Sept., 1894, to thank him and the American people publicly. A large number of influential orthodox Pundits were in this great gathering of nearly 4000 people, and the speeches and proceedings were mostly in English. The English and Bengali texts are reprinted in a pamphlet, from which Oriental and American readers can find out what took place. We have read all the speeches that were given in English, and from them it is very evident that modern America has but just been discovered by these our Oriental brethren. It is very evident, also, that the Hindu is as fond of hifalutin panegyric and bombastic conceit as is the American when he breaks loose on the Fourth of July. Apart from the naturally strong expressions of faith and joy in their own Hindu tenets, we are informed by one of these fellow-Aryans of ours of what we owe to the dwellers in the land of the Vedas. Almost everything of high thought and aspiration in Christendom, it seems, may be traced to one or another of the successive influxes of Hindu ideas. We learn also that, while America is starving for spiritual nourishment, pretty much all the men and women of light and leading among us are turning to Hinduism for mental food, and that the prospect of the people of the United States becoming Hindus is excellent. One must go abroad to get the latest home news. The pamphlet is well calculated to burn like red pepper in the eyes of the ultra-orthodox Christian hater of the study of comparative religion, and to warm the cockles of the hearts of all who would enjoy seeing Christianity sink to a level among the various religions of the world. The sagacious man who can read between the lines, who has some sense of humor, and who enjoys human nature in its various manifestations, will appreciate this proof that in both its

needs and aspirations, as well as in conceit and boasting, the whole world is kin. Only 2000 copies of these "Proceedings of the Calcutta Town Hall Meeting Regarding Swami Vivekananda" have been printed. (Calcutta: New Calcutta Press.)

BISHOP A. C. A. HALL of Vermont has put forth a book of meditations which were originally addressed to women in order to convey to them the highest ideal of womanhood—motherhood. Though somewhat scholastic in form, they abstain from using apocryphal material. They follow the order of the Gospel narrative, and dwell upon the events recorded in the evangelical writings; only, the last meditation is upon Mary awaiting the gift of the Holy Ghost, which is a rather theoretical topic. Dr. Hall's style in these meditations on "The Virgin Mother" is clear, plain and excellent. He appears to follow in the main the outline of the Ignatian method of meditation. An appendix on the Virgin birth of Jesus was called forth by a recent event in an eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church. In this appendix, Dr. Hall does not succeed in adding anything to what has already been said. The subject of parthenogenesis in either theology or biology seems to be a difficult one to handle. It has always been the dogma of the Church, and neither science nor metaphysics can pronounce it impossible. The traditional interpretation of the language of the Evangelists is literal and the simplest. A revival of ancient heresies hardly helps religious sanction, or commends Christian doctrine to the sceptic.

"When Ignorance wags his ears of leather
And hates God's Word, 'tis altogether."

Therefore we incline to agree with the purport of Dr. Hall's appendix. As for the rest, the book is suitable for devotional reading. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A SERIES OF volumes on Notable Baptists is fittingly begun with a memoir of "Adoniram Judson," by his son, Dr. Edward Judson. The oft-told story of the intrepid missionary is here recited again, and will be read with fresh interest. Its pathetic incidents can never lose their power to touch the heart, and the influence of a life so heroic, devoted and persistent toward its aim, is beyond all estimate. If "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," such biographies as this will go far toward dispelling its ignorance, and showing it who best deserve the laurels of victory. Dr. Judson has drawn upon his own previous work, upon the reminiscences of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, and the more comprehensive life by Dr. Wayland. He has produced a concise and in every way admirable volume. (American Baptist Publication Society.)

UNDER THE TITLE of "The Deeper Meanings," Frederic A. Hinckley has put together four discourses on "The Cost of the Divine Spark," "The Poet-Vision," "Evolution and Human Thought" and "The Joy of Conquest." Our sensibilities, our sympathies, our aspirations, these bring struggle and sorrow, disappointment and pain, yet these, too, testify of the divinity within us, and link us to the Eternal. The worship of the ideal, like the winged steed of ancient fable, will bear us far above life's crushing cares and petty vexations into the pure ether of truth, goodness and beauty. Evolution has given new significance to external nature, has shown the unity and worth of humanity, and has brought a larger and more intelligible idea of God. The greatest victory is self-conquest—"learning to meet all fortune, good or ill, so as to make life nobler and purer and sweeter and more divine." Such are the teachings of this cheery little volume, which will inspire many a wayworn pilgrim with fresh impulse. (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

The Lenox Library

GOVERNOR MORTON approved the Astor-Tilden-Lenox Library consolidation bill in the early part of April, and the principal difficulty remaining has been practically settled by the projectors of the great Public Library. It now looks as though the Lenox building would be the first (if not the permanent) home of the consolidated institution. In the meantime the twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Lenox Library has been published, and shows remarkable results, especially in the matter of the acquisition of books and old American newspapers. The accessions during the year amounted to 4625 titles, of which 2463 were purchases and 2162 donations. Newspapers and pamphlets are included in this number, the former being counted by yearly volumes. The total number of volumes at the end of 1894 was 118,364. Among the most remarkable acquisitions of the year, are the early American newspapers, of which over 45,000 numbers

were received, 19,000 of them bearing dates from 1716 to 1800, and including examples of nearly every important gazette of Colonial and Revolutionary times. Numerous historical curiosities are among the number—such as issues in mourning borders on account of the Stamp Act, and the only issue of the *Constitutional Courant* (21 Sept., 1765), which has for a heading the device of a snake cut in parts, one for each colony, and the motto, "Join or die." At the end is the fictitious legend:—"Printed by Andrew Marvel, at the sign of the Bribe refused, on Constitution Hill, North-America." The collection begins appropriately with the first regular newspaper printed in America—the *Boston News Letter*,—and includes thirty other New England, fourteen New York and ten Pennsylvania papers published before the attainment of independence.

The sales of the collections of books and manuscripts of Dr. George H. Moore and Mr. George Livermore afforded opportunities for the acquisition of valuable and rare books of which full advantage was taken. These acquisitions are particularly rich in early publications relating to the discovery of America, and to the progress of geographical discovery in general, works on Columbus, American colonial laws, State laws, early catechisms, primers and Bibles, among the latter being the famous "Souldiers Pocket Bible," of which but one other copy is known, in the British Museum. Particularly interesting, also, are two editions of the "New England Primer Improved," the earlier one (Providence, 1775) containing a woodcut portrait of George III., the later (Hartford, 1777), one of Samuel Adams. Among the early English books most interest attaches, from a literary point of view, at least, to the first edition of Spenser's "Complaints containing sundrie small poems of the World's Vanitie" (1591), bound up in one volume with the first edition of Michael Drayton's "The Owl," published in 1604. In connection with Spenser's work, mention should here be made of a copy of Bryskett's exceedingly rare "Discourse of Civil Life," London, 1606, which contains several allusions to Spenser, and, in its preliminary discourse, an account of the poet's own words regarding the composition of "The Faerie Queene." From other sources the Library obtained letter-press copies of about 236 letters written by Washington, 1792-9, mostly referring to business matters. Of these not more than twenty-five have ever been printed. The impression of one of them, to S. Cotton & Co., being bad, it has been retraced in lead-pencil, probably by Washington himself. The presentation copies to Martha Washington of the eulogies, addresses and funeral sermons on the death of George Washington, have been mentioned before in these pages. Since their acquisition, the Library has gained possession of the missing third volume of these addresses, completing the set. Jefferson's MS. of the Constitution of Virginia, as proposed by him in 1776, is also among the treasures on view in the Library's Exhibition Room. The number of cases in this room has been increased to sixty, and a catalogue of their contents is in course of preparation. A collection of duplicates from the Lenox Library was sold by Bangs & Co., on Monday, April 29. A copy of the second edition of Cotton Mather's "Epistle to the Christian Indians," with text in Indian and English, brought \$460; Audubon's "Birds of America," \$192.50, and his "Viviparous Quadrupeds," \$202. Other prices paid were \$300 for John Lederer's account of his discoveries in Virginia and elsewhere; \$105 for Van Linschoten's voyages into the East and West Indies; \$88 for Hackluyt's voyages; \$350 for "Purchas, His Pilgrimes," with George Bancroft's book-plate; \$31.50 for a Swedish work on America (Stockholm, 1702); \$44 for John Cotton's "The Bloudy Tenent, Washed And made white in the bloud of the Lambe" (1647); \$98 for D. G. Elliot's "Birds of North America"; and \$49 for "The Journal of Major George Washington, sent by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Esq." The total sum realized for the 319 numbers is \$5920.75. During the year the Library was visited by 26,156 people, and the reading-room by 6922, consulting 25,761 volumes. A subject catalogue of all the books in the Library was begun in July, and is nearing completion.

"Sloh" or "Slog"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In his very just notice of Henry's "Short Comparative Grammar of English and German," your reviewer makes one misleading statement (p. 258):—"Henry's orthography of *slog* (for *sloh*: Sweet in his Anglo-Saxon Reader makes the same blunder) would altogether falsify one of the most important results of Verner's Law as well as of Vedic accentuation." The fact is that Henry and Sweet have not blundered any more than Sievers and Cosijn and all the other Old-English scholars, but the reviewer's knowl-

edge of Indo-European phonology has blinded him to a small point of Old-English phonology.

It is true that we should expect *sloh*, just as we usually find *fleah*. But as this *h* occurred in only two cases of the preterit, while *g* was heard in one singular form and throughout the plural as well as in both the singular and the plural of the subjunctive, the *h* often yielded to the *g* (Sievers § 380 end, § 383 A2, etc.). As might be expected, this is most frequently the case when the other forms of the preterit have the same vowel as the form with *h*, for example, in the class of verbs to which *sloh slogon* belongs. In the case of this particular verb, Cosijn (page 142) has found but one solitary instance of *sloh* (C. P. 352-18 of the H. Ms. only) and that is doubtless due to the *h* of the following *his*. That these words sometimes show *h* in late West Saxon, is due to the fact that in late West Saxon final *g* after back vowels became voiceless, that is, *h* (Sievers § 214, 1), and that whether the *g* stood for Germanic *g* or for Germanic *h*. As I have misplaced my copy of Henry, I do not know in what connection he uses the form *slog*; but that this is the normal Old-English form there can be no doubt, and no grammarian has any business to change it back to *sloh* in order to illustrate Verner's or any other law.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., 10 April, 1895. GEORGE HEMPL.

[Prof. Hempl's learned and instructive note gives the reviewer one more opportunity to call attention to the dangerous dogmatic tendencies of the younger school of Anglo-Saxon grammarians. He apparently has not read carefully, or else has forgotten, the luminous discussion of Verner's Law and Vedic accentuation in Skeat's Principles, I., pp. 152, 153, *seq.*, on which (as also upon twenty years of close familiarity with Anglo-Saxon publications in every field) the reviewer's stricture was based. There, in so many words, the very point under discussion is thus stated: "*Sloh* (with *h*): misprinted *slog* in the Grammar in Sweet's A. S. Reader; but the Glossary to the same gives references to *sloh*."

The seventh (and last) edition of Sweet's Reader has but two examples of the preterit of *slean*, sg. 1st and 3d persons, and both are printed *sloh*. Referring to the new edition of Bright's Anglo-Saxon Reader, we find *sloh* as the key-word, whereas *slog* is given as a secondary form in brackets. Compare also Hall, "Concise Anglo-Saxon Dictionary." The reviewer is not aware that any of these scholars has intentionally "changed it back to *sloh*" to illustrate Verner's or any other law.]

Writer's Cramp

OF INTEREST to every literary worker is Kenyon West's long article on "Writer's Cramp: its Recognition and Prevention," in a recent number of *The Writer*. "Writer's cramp, in one of its gravest forms," he says, "is a spasmodic action of the muscles of the hand or forearm which have been concerned in the act of writing, so that if the writer attempts to hold the pen and use it in the same way to which he has always accustomed himself, the fingers refuse to obey the commands of the will, and writing is rendered impossible. * * * The term is not the best one which could be chosen. First, because even in the advanced stages of the paralytic forms of the disease there is never a symptom of cramp or spasm; and second, because it is not restricted to writers, but takes in those muscular and nervous disorders and disturbances of movement which afflict musicians, artists and others." His paper is, however, devoted entirely to the appearance of the affliction in writers. "No two cases of writer's cramp are precisely alike," he continues, "either in their subjective effects or in their visible manifestations." The first part of the article is devoted to the first symptoms and different forms of the disease; the second, to its prevention, alleviation and cure. "Physicians prescribe perfect rest," which is, of course, in most cases out of the question, and therefore Mr. West describes the different devices by which writer's cramp can be prevented. The penholder must be held in different ways—between the thumb and the first finger, between the first and middle fingers, between the middle and fourth finger, etc. Holders should never be smooth, and of various sizes. Cork holders are preferable, and changes can be made by tying two of them together, etc. Women should take care not to wear tight sleeves while writing, the arm should be kept warm, the height and slant of writing-desk or table should be observed; in short, a hundred trifles go to make up the ounce of prevention that is better than the pound of cure. Interesting, also, are the descriptions, with illustrations, of the different instruments invented for the use of those who suffer from the disease. It is wise, we think, for all writers to keep this article on the writing-desk for occasional reference.



The Washington Memorial Arch

ON APRIL 24, 1889, the *Lounger* suggested in *The Critic* that the wooden arch erected (at the suggestion of Mr. William Rhinelandt Stewart) at the lower entrance to Fifth Avenue, in honor of the centenary of Washington's inauguration as President, should be reproduced in marble as a permanent memorial of the day and the man. A copy of the paper containing this suggestion forms a part of the contents of the cornerstone of the Washington Arch. The plan was taken up at once by the press of the city, and in the first week of May a special committee was formed, with Henry G. Marquand as President, Gen. Louis Fitzgerald as Vice-President, Richard Watson Gilder as Secretary and Mr. Stewart as Treasurer. The St. Nicholas Club started the subscription-list with \$1000, and was followed by the Society of American Artists and the Salmagundi Club. By Sept. 14 of the same year, \$50,000 had been subscribed, and Mr. Stanford White, who had made the designs for the wooden structure, was invited to draw the plans for the marble arch; the noble monument which will be presented to the city to-day is the result. Ground was broken by Mr. Marquand on 30 April, 1890, and the cornerstone laid on May 30, by John W. Vrooman, Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York. The principal speech of the latter ceremony was made by the late George William Curtis, and an ode was sung that had been written by Robert Underwood Johnson. The first block of marble was put in place by David H. King, Jr., the builder, on December 22, and from that day the work went steadily on. The fund reached \$90,000 on 10 Feb., 1891, and by April 29, two years after it was started, the sum of \$100,000 had been subscribed. Notable instances of the interest taken in the monument were the donation of the proceeds of the sale of two pictures owned by Mr. George I. Seney (\$1500); Paderewski's farewell concert on March 27, 1892, for the benefit of the Arch fund, assisted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the expenses being paid by Mr. Steinway (\$4500); the Mercantile Trust Co.'s generous policy as depository of the Arch Fund; Mr. King's construction of the arch at cost; the *Commercial Advertiser's* successful canvass; and, above all, Mr. William R. Stewart's indefatigable labors.

Notwithstanding the delay caused by the city government's order, given in April, 1891, that a scaffolding be placed around

the partially constructed piers for the protection of passers-by (at an unexpected expense of \$4000), the arch was completed within less than three years of its inception. On 5 April, 1892, the last three marble blocks of the top course of the attic were set by Mr. Stewart, Treasurer, Mr. Gilder, Secretary, and Mr. White, the architect, the initials of these three gentlemen being cut in the joints of the stones they set. Mr. Stewart spoke the following words, on the completion of the work he had begun:—"This is the last block of marble of the Washington Arch, of which the first was set December 22, 1890. I declare that it is well and truly laid. Finis coronat opus." On 1 June, 1892, the members of the office staff of McKim, Mead & White raised the sum subscribed to a round \$128,000. The doubts expressed by the press of the country as to the city's ability to erect the monument have been effectively answered; and death has overtaken the Chicago periodical, *America*, which was foremost among the doubters. We have forgotten even the day on which it gave up its vindictive ghost, but know that the arch stands to-day, a proof of New York's public spirit, as well as an offering to the memory of the Father of his Country.

The arch is of somewhat less slender proportions than the temporary wooden structure first erected, but it is more graceful than the best-known Roman triumphal arches, and is unquestionably the handsomest public monument in the United States. The pediment, which is ultimately to support a group of bronze equestrian statues, is less important, while the frieze and cornice beneath it are more so than in classic examples. The result is that the arch is much lighter in appearance than it would be if classic rules had been followed. But Roman arches are triple, and so encrusted with columns and sculptured decorations that their squat and heavy proportions are not conspicuous. The beauty of the Washington Arch lies in its proportions. The carvings, with the exception of the spandrel figures carved by Piccirilli from models by MacMonnies (see *The Critic*, Feb. 23), might almost be wished away. The trophies of arms on the panels that decorate the piers at the height of the arch, the frieze of wreaths and crossed palms alternating, are unimpressive, and the bird of freedom perched on the keystone and appearing to support on the tips of his wings the weight of the projecting cornice, appears out of place. As an emblem, he will look better atop of the columns that are to stand

to the right and left of the arch. In his present position, he seems to have too much of a load to carry, although, if he were away, the cornice would be seen to be perfectly supported without him. The original design, as shown in the engraving, was in these respects much better. But the architect's work is not spoiled by the poverty of these details, which will count for still less than they do now when time has toned down the white stone to a sober gray. The statuary remaining to be added will be the work of a first-rate monumental sculptor, and should be cast in bronze, both for the sake of an effective contrast in color and because we are much better supplied with good bronze-founders than with good workers in marble. The large north front panel of the attic bears the following inscription:—

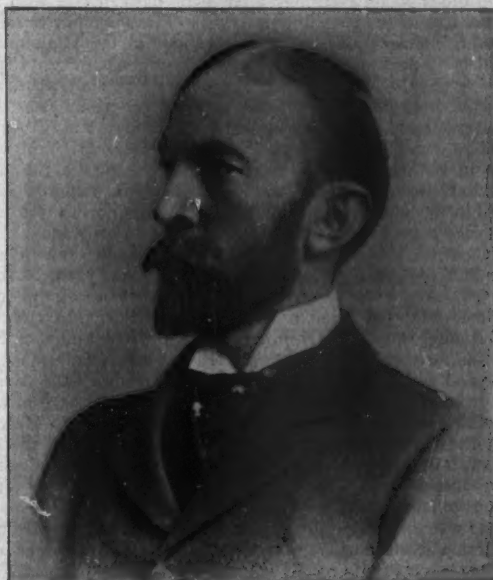
TO COMMEMORATE THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
INAUGURATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS FIRST
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

The following are the dimensions of the Arch:—

	Ft.	In.		Ft.	In.
Total height	73	6	Depth of piers	17	10
Total width	56	10	Width of opening	30	0
Width of piers	13	5	Height of opening	47	9

The ceremony of transferring the completed Arch to the City of New York, which had been fixed by the Committee for Tues-

will march down Fifth Avenue from 42d street in time to arrive at the Arch at 4:30 P. M., the various commands being in the following order:—

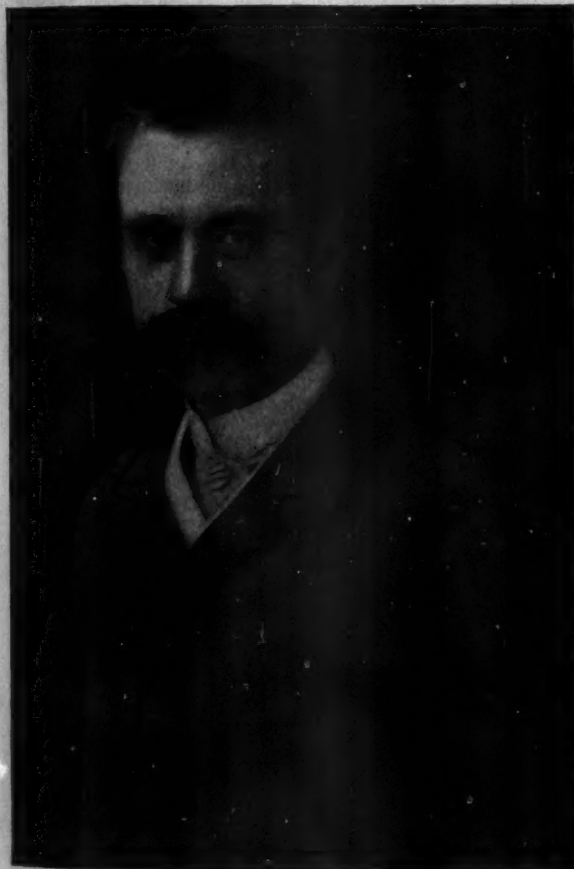


WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART

Brigadier-Gen. Louis Fitzgerald and staff; 1st Signal Corps,
Lieut. H. W. Hedge, as escort.
Brigadier-Gen. James McLeer and his staff; 2d Signal Corps,
Capt. C. W. Williams, as escort.
13th Regiment, Lieut.-Col. William Le Roy Watson.
14th Regiment, Col. Harry W. Michell.
23d Regiment, Col. Alexis Cutler Smith.
17th Separate Company.
3d Battery, Capt. Henry S. Rasquin.
First Brigade, Col. William Seward and staff.
9th Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Thomas B. Rand.
22d Regiment, Col. John T. Camp.
7th Regiment, Col. Daniel Appleton.
12th Regiment, Col. Heman Dowd.
71st Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Wallace Abel Downs.
39th Battalion, Lieut.-Col. George Moore Smith.
8th Battalion, Major Henry Chauncey, Jr.
First Battery, Capt. Louis Wendell.
Second Battery, Capt. David Wilson.
First Naval Battalion, Capt. J. W. Miller.



[[In view of the expressed wish of the members of the National Guard, it is expected that residents of Fifth Avenue will have their houses decorated with the national colors for the occasion. The larger picture of the Washington Arch presented herewith is from a water-color painting made for McKim, Mead & White by Mr. Hughson Hawley. The smaller one is reproduced from the letter-head of the Arch Committee. At present the monument lacks the statuary which, it is hoped, will ultimately adorn the top and each pier; it lacks the flanking columns also.



STANFORD WHITE

day, April 30, the 106th anniversary of Washington's inauguration, was deferred until to-day, after which the monument will pass into the custody of the Park Department, of which, as it happens, the builder, Mr. King, is now the President. The program remains the same. The dedication ceremonies include an invocation by Bishop Potter, and orations by Gen. Horace Porter and Mr. Marquand. Mr. Stewart will present the key of the Arch to Mayor Strong, representing the community; and there will be a parade in which will take part all the militia regiments of this city and Brooklyn, the Signal Corps and the First Naval Battalion.

Gov. Morton, who will review the militia, will be escorted by Squadron A, Major Roe commanding; and the infantry regiments

London Letter

EASTER FOUND your correspondent at Oxford, for the first time in six years. Life moves but slowly in that august home of learning, and the traveler, returning after many days, meets with little to remind him of the length of interval. The same porter salutes him at his college door. The same shops in the High and the Broad display the same wealth of "freshmen's delights" and tourists' guides. Nevertheless, life does move somewhat, and, because Oxford is not wont to emphasize her progress by the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, it seems as if American readers who have been long absent from Isis might find some interest in an account of the novelties and changes in the town. There is not much to relate, but the sound of the mallet is still to be heard in the land. The most important addition to Oxford in the last few years is contained in the completion of Mansfield and of Manchester New Colleges. There is much divided feeling as to the wisdom of opening the University thus widely to Nonconformists, but there can be none as to the excellence of the buildings themselves. A wide road has been driven into Holywell Street, issuing immediately opposite the new buildings of New College, and called Mansfield Road. Here the two Colleges stand up clear and white, with broad terraces stretching to the Merton cricket ground, and making a brave show from the road that wanders from Long Wall Street, past the racquet courts, to Mesopotamia. In St. Aldate's a mass of scaffolding surrounds the new municipal buildings which will at last give to Oxford a worthy town hall and decent offices for the town clerk and his colleagues. Just opposite stands Carfax Church, a landmark to be removed before the autumn. It has long been an eyesore, and the congested traffic at that busiest of crossways is to have a freer outlet by the clearance of a roomy square. The tower of the Church will be left standing; the rest is to go. The view in the High will for the next few months be spoilt by the web of scaffolding hanging round the spire of St. Mary's, the top of which is already removed. The tower has been pronounced unsafe, and is undergoing a thorough overhaul: the square about the Radcliffe is full of pinnacles and parapets, which have been removed from the spire. There is 400*l.* worth of scaffolding in use here.

The wayfarer passes on to University College, and notices, overtopping the front parapet, a rather unsightly dome of lead. Passing into the College, he finds beneath it the new Shelley Memorial. This beautiful monument has been enshrined in a vaulted chamber enclosed in brazen gates. The roof of the chamber is painted blue, and decorated with stars, while on the wall is illumined the verse from "Agonais," which opens:—

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,"

The snows and thaws of last winter have played havoc with the coloring, but the monument itself is carefully tended. Magdalen College School, which supplies the choristers, has been removed to more convenient buildings on the other side of the bridge; and the Ashmolean collection of antiquities has migrated from its old home by the Sheldonian to the neighborhood of the Taylorian Institution. There is much discussion in the University just now as to the worthiest memorial which shall be set up to the memory of Alfred Robinson, late Bursar of New College, who died in March. His loss is felt acutely in almost every department of University life, and it is desired that his name shall be preserved from the tooth of time and 'rasure of oblivion by no common honor. There will probably be a portrait in New College Hall, but this is a smaller matter: two main suggestions have been made for the larger bounty. It is proposed to erect a gate, to be called the Robinson Gate, leading from New College into Holywell Street, where a mere makeshift has had hitherto to serve the purpose. This, however, would cost not less than 17,000*l.*—a heavy sum nowadays. It is more likely that a Robinson Scholarship will be instituted for those who are reading "Greats," a school in which Mr. Robinson took always the keenest interest, and in whose behalf he delivered some of his most valuable lectures. For the rest, Oxford was very empty: the Easter vacation is short, and most men go down. A few Fellows were in residence, but scarcely an undergraduate. Under the boughs of the Cherwell, just putting forth their first leaves, the "scout" paddled his lady-love: most of the University shops were closed, and Bodley's librarian had the manuscripts to himself. The shade of Charles Lamb might well have walked the academic groves in peace, promoting himself daily to new degrees and to higher honors. Next week begins the bustle of the summer term: for the hour there was peace in her palaces, and the dreamer had his day.

In London, meanwhile, little has been stirring. The book-

market has passed, as usual, through the stagnation of the holiday. Several books of interest are promised for the summer output. Not least among these is a complete translation of Victor Hugo, projected by Messrs. Nicolls. This has already, it is understood, appeared in America, England proving somewhat tardy in its recognition of the value of such an edition. Mr. John Lane, who is just now in America, is going to follow up his Keynotes Series with another, priced at 4*s.* 6*d.* net., which will open with a novel called "Consummation," from the pen of the young lady who persists, despite the protests of *The Daily Chronicle*, in styling herself "Victoria Cross." Mr. Albert D. Vandam, the unfailing chronicler of considerable trifles, has collated another volume of reminiscences, to be called "French Men and Manners," and Mr. W. H. Mallock will publish in three volumes "The Heart of Life," which has been appearing in *The Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Ernest Dowson, who collaborated with Mr. Arthur Moore in that successful story, "A Comedy of Masks," is to make an appearance alone in a collection of "Dilemmas," five little sketches of life which are reported to promise well. There is also to be an Irish Novelists' Library, to begin next week, in which will be reprinted specimens of the best work of all the foremost Irish writers of fiction. It is clear that "the tyranny of the novel" is not dead yet.

The theatres have been lively. At the Strand a new farce of convivial and conventional type, called "Fanny," has achieved some success. Last night Mr. Weedon Grossmith produced "The Ladies' Idol," in which he himself and his young wife (Miss May Palfrey) drew forth enthusiastic applause as a comic singer and a skirt-dancer respectively. The farce, by the unanimity of the critics, promises to rival "The New Boy" in popularity. At the Comedy Mr. Comyns Carr proves less fortunate. "Delia Harding" (produced in America as "A Woman's Silence") is generally considered to be quite unworthy of Sardou, and lost labor for the excellent cast which is employed upon it. Mr. Irving has fixed May 4 for his change of program, which will display an access of novelty not very common in the annals of the Lyceum. The evening will open with a one-act play by Mr. Pinero, "Bygones." To this follows Mr. Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo," the whole concluding with "A Chapter from Don Quixote," by the late W. G. Wills, in which Mr. Irving will, of course, play the title rôle. "King Arthur" will continue to be played at matinées, and during the season there will be series of revivals including all Mr. Irving's principal successes.

LONDON, 19 April, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY has been a much-talked-about institution during the past week, chiefly on account of the action of its architects, McKim, Mead & White. It seems that these gentlemen desired to hold a private reception in honor of Messrs. Abbey and Sargent, and therefore invited eminent people, not only to meet the architects and the artists, but also to admire the work of both. Aside from sundry little slips, such as the addressing of an invitation to our unmarried Mayor, asking the attendance of "Mr. and Mrs. Curtis," the architects sent out these invitations before they had received permission from the Trustees to use the building for a private reception. At a later meeting this permission was granted, but Bostonians did not, as a rule, fancy the idea of a private reception in honor of the architects in a building which they owned and conducted. At the reception there was a large gathering of prominent men, including a party of forty from New York, and Ex.-Gov. Ladd and other citizens of Rhode Island, the latter coming on account of the interest in the architects' work aroused by the awarding of the contract for the erection of the Rhode Island State House to McKim, Mead & White. The reception began after the business hours of the Library, and lasted until midnight. Another criticism of this week is the charge made by members of the old Thirtieth Massachusetts Volunteers, and by John A. Andrew Post 15, G. A. R., against the old Board of Trustees, to the effect that invidious distinction was shown towards two individual regiments, the Second and Twentieth Massachusetts, by accepting from these organizations the two great lions carved by St. Gaudens and placed at the foot of the grand staircase, with tablets underneath in honor of the regiments mentioned.

Again "Tamerlane" has been sold at auction in Boston. Three years ago this copy of the first edition of Poe's work, of which there is now but one duplicate in existence, that being in the British Museum, was sold under the hammer for \$1850 to Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York. It was printed in 1827 by Calvin F. S. Thomas of Boston, and its authorship was then

simply credited to "a Bostonian." The New York firm sold the book to George T. Maxwell for \$2500, and that gentleman had the work taken from its original cheap paper covers and magnificently bound by European workmen. I understand that the book thus redecored cost him in all \$140 a page. Last week it was bought again by Dodd, Mead & Co. for \$1450. The little thing was sold by a second-hand dealer fifteen years ago for twenty-five cents. A certain literary gentleman, who was writing about Poe, and was therefore desirous of collecting all the material possible, went to the Old South Book Store to obtain a "Tamerlane," but Mr. Burnham, the proprietor, though he thought they had a copy, could not find it. A few days later his clerk, while hunting through the shelves of another bookshop on Cornhill, found this particular copy and very gladly gave a quarter for it, with the idea that later on he certainly might obtain as much as \$15. Four or five years later he ran across a reprint of the "Tamerlane" of the British Museum, and knew then that he certainly could get as much as \$100 for the book. He was even more elated when he received an offer of \$400 from Mr. Foote, whose collection was recently sold in New York. But the owner held on, and at last put the work up at auction at Libbie's. Then came the sales I have described above. That fine binding did not improve the book's value, is shown by the depreciation in the second sale. This is the new binding as described in the catalogue:—"Beautifully bound in brown crushed levant, with sides ornamented with mosaic of blue levant, in a beautiful interlaced, floriated design; the flowers, leaves and petals are all inlaid in colors—red, blue, green, yellow—with monogram in each corner, double of pure white parchment, wide dentelle borders, vellum fly-leaves, with the original covers bound in, entirely uncut, by Lortic fils, inclosed in crushed levant morocco pull-off case, blind-tooled."

At the same sale Dodd, Mead & Co. paid \$260 for a magnificently bound copy of the first edition of Robert Browning's "Pauline" (London, 1833), this sum being \$50 higher than that recently paid at a New York sale for a similar work. The Maxwell book contained a manuscript note from the uncle of Browning, to whom it had formerly belonged. Mrs. Browning's works sold better than those of her husband at the Boston sale. First editions of Dickens sold as follows: "Oliver Twist," \$27.50; "Dombey & Son," \$22.50; "David Copperfield," \$25; "Bleak House," \$20; and "A Tale of Two Cities," \$51. One of the ten copies of the first edition of Baudelaire's "Fleur des Fleurs," 1857, printed on Holland-paper and containing an autograph letter of the author, sold for \$50. Some valuable book-plates were sold, also, one of the most interesting having been originally engraved by Paul Revere for Epes Sargent of Boston and pasted by the latter in a volume of Virgil. It was one of the four book-plates to which Paul Revere put his name; but one other copy of the Sargent plate is known. Dodd, Mead & Co. paid \$75 for the prize. It will be remembered that Arthur Hallam's poems were originally to have been bound with those of his friend Tennyson, but were actually published in a limited edition by themselves. A copy of this edition sold for \$40.

President Eliot has returned from Europe, brown and invigorated by his trip. Of course, the reporters first of all asked him about foot-ball, but the President would say nothing on that subject. —The Hon. Leverett Saltonstall left in his will \$5000 to Harvard, the income to be paid to meritorious students who required assistance, his own descendants having preference. —The Court of Appeals has settled the interesting copyright question which I detailed in a letter some months ago. It was brought up by the sale, by the Oliver Ditson Co., of copies of songs composed in England. The Court rules that "musical compositions composed abroad do not come within the proviso which requires that the two copies of the subject-matter of the copyright necessary to be filed with the Librarian of Congress shall be manufactured in this country."

BOSTON, 30 April, 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

A NEW IDEA is such a surprise in this sophisticated old world of ours, that it is as refreshing as a draught of cool water to encounter one. But, since "to the host of males, all ideas are female until they are made facts," it is wiser to say at once that the one I recently discovered has no longer anything womanish about it. It has become a fact; and the vision of a circulating picture-gallery, which should bring art into the homes of the people, has recently been carried into effect at Hull House. The name of this

institution, which is, I believe, the largest and most successful social settlement in this country, is so familiar in these columns that it is unnecessary to describe it here again. But in the train of the many beneficent enterprises originating there, comes this one, which is, so far as I know, a new thing. Circulating libraries are so common that it is strange that the idea has not before been applied to pictures. The gallery at Hull House consists of about fifty framed reproductions. Some of them are the publications of the Arundel Society, but in addition to these there are colored prints of Fra Angelico's angels and many photographs of paintings by the old masters. Modern art is not entirely neglected either, Millet, Bastien-Lepage and Abbott Thayer being the most important of the later painters represented. A few water-colors are also included, though the gallery is mainly photographic. Each of these pictures may be taken out for two weeks at a time, a privilege which may be once renewed; but this limitation is not too rigidly adhered to. No charge is made and no security required, except a certain knowledge of the subscriber and his address. Men and women of the working classes take a lively interest in the gallery, but its most enthusiastic patrons are children.

The pictures are all framed, and they are well cared for by their temporary owners. The most popular of them are Fra Angelico's Paradise, the Sistine Madonna and several other Raphaels, the "Presentation in the Temple" of Carpaccio, and, curiously enough, Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc." Imagine that beautiful, serene, exalted face in a bare, ugly room on West Halstead Street. It could not remain there two weeks without having some subtle, uplifting influence. And for this reason the new enterprise seems one of the most beneficent that Hull House has undertaken, out-ranking even the library, for the reason that everything the gallery contains is of fine quality, is true art. That is what we need—to have art brought close to the people, to make them see it and feel it and live with it. It should be a part of themselves, as necessary and inevitable as food and shelter. To rich and poor alike in this country it is still alien, still a thing apart, too much of a luxury to be taken into our daily lives, too exalted to become a part of our daily thoughts. We talk about it, we criticise and patronize it, we even, when much aroused, admire it; but we do not love it. It is like a foreign language to us, and we have yet to learn to think in it. "I have been surprised and interested," said M. Raffaelli the other night, "to hear so many opinions about art in this city of Chicago, which is so far from Paris. There," he added, half-laughingly, "in Paris, we do not talk about art." And that is just the difference. There they do not need to discuss art, they have absorbed it; its expression is an unconscious effort of the mind. Yet Raffaelli himself believes that great changes are imminent, that the future, even the artistic future, is ours.

Mr. Walter Cranston Larned, whose first book has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was for many years the art critic of the Chicago Record. And it was in the columns of that journal that the letters, which have since been collected and edited to form this book, originally appeared. His description, therefore, of the "Churches and Castles of Medieval France" was written under the direct inspiration of immediate contact with the subject. Mr. Larned's journeys among these beautiful cathedrals was a labor of love; one feels that his interest was genuine, his enthusiasm sincere. Nevertheless, the expression of his emotions is labored and faulty. It is a jerky style, leaping from one subject to another, without the gradations necessary to give it repose. It never runs on easily and fluently, but as though it were dragged forth over a rugged road with difficulty. Yet in spite of this harassing medium, Mr. Larned has evolved a book which will be valuable to tourists and interesting to those other travellers whose journeys begin and end in the imagination. It is not in the least technical, yet the writer is sufficiently well informed to make his opinions worth listening to. And his enthusiasm is so contagious that it makes one wish to follow in his footsteps. These chapters are really appreciations of the majestic Norman castles and the delicate uplifting beauty of the French Gothic cathedrals. He travels from the ancient walled city of Carcassonne to the Château of Blois and its famous stairway, showing us how rich is the land in those monuments of the genius of the race which mark its progress through the centuries. What changes of life and thought these buildings indicate! Mr. Larned describes some of the old Norman Romanesque ruins, but his heart is frankly with the Gothic, and to the cathedral at Amiens he gives perhaps his warmest praise. The criticisms are interlarded here and there with brief historical narratives, which are somewhat too bare to surround them with the right atmosphere. The book is without construction, rambling along idly, but over pleasant paths. If it send

one man (and it should send many) to see for himself this beautiful architecture, if it give another a finer conception of the genius of the French people, it will have done good work in the world.

The Unity Dramatic Club gave last week a performance of "Colombe's Birthday," showing a commendable ambition to give literary plays now unfamiliar to the stage. The representation gave one a more definite idea of the terrible seriousness of Browning's plays, though it was occasionally enlivened by a kind of humor not definitely set down in the lines. Mr. Kuhns was a capital Valence, except for the fact that he, too, was somewhat infected by the prevailing gloom. This company was organized through the influence of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, with the object of performing, not Browning's plays alone, but some others whose literary distinction has not yet given them place upon our stage. Ibsen will probably be the next dramatist represented, though several of Browning's plays are also in contemplation. With this company and that of the Chicago Conservatory, which has had the advantage of careful training, we may after a time have a kind of independent theatre here, which will certainly be to our advantage.

Mr. Henry A. Clapp of Boston, the Shakespearian critic, is giving a course of four lectures upon "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first part of "Henry IV.," "Hamlet" and "The Winter's Tale."

CHICAGO, 30 April, 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

The Lounger

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD opened his theatre, the Garrick, *ad* Harrigan's, with Mr. Bernard Shaw's extraordinary play, "Arms and the Man." I believe that Mr. Howells has expressed great admiration for this play, and that Mr. Richard Harding Davis takes off his hat to it, so it must be my fault that I cannot see its admirable qualities. It seems to me that there is a great deal of excellent acting wasted on this play. Its irony may be there, but I do not find it, and yet I can laugh at Gilbert's "Engaged," which is in somewhat the same vein. I did, however, enjoy the acting, and admired the new decorations, which are in good taste and yet do not lean at all toward the "aesthetic." The color is Pompeian red, with here and there a dash of bronze, and the drop-curtain is a bit of the Thames, at Cliveden I should say, at a rough guess. An original idea of Mr. Mansfield's is the paneling of old portraits at the back of the musicians' seats, and the quantity of old engravings covering the walls of the stairway and lounging rooms. If the Garrick does not succeed, it will not be for lack of deserts, for good taste prevails before and behind the footlights.

AT THE PLAYERS, on April 23, Ladies' Day, there was an actress whom Mrs. Siddons had seen act. This lady was none other than Clara Fisher, who was a favorite of our grandparents, and even of the great-great-grandparents of some of us. Mrs. Siddons notes in her diary that she "went to see Clara Fisher, the infant phenomenon, act." Mrs. Fisher has been on the stage for seventy years. No wonder that she was seen by Mrs. Siddons, but the funny thing is that she didn't know it until Mr. Parke Godwin told her, on Shakespeare's birthday, in 1895.

MISS C. M. YONGE has a paper on "Decadence of Literature" in the April number of *The Author*. Miss Yonge notes and laments the growth of ephemeral productions, for which she blames editors and publishers of magazines. No sooner has a writer made "a hit," than he or she is besieged with solicitations to contribute to this or that periodical. And it "requires considerable self-control, maybe, or indolence, or superiority to pelf, to resist and refuse till the production is ripe, or not to try to gratify more than one at the same time." Another modern fashion that she regards as "ruinous to good literature, is the laying contributions on the bed of Procrustes." Readers object to a story that they regard as too long. They like to "have it finished off, and be free to begin a fresh serial, and thus the story always shows symptoms of winding up in November, and we are sure the hero and heroine will be married or defunct in December." If fiction is to be good for anything, she thinks, "it must have its needful development and not be sacrificed to a December number."

MISS YONGE stops to pay a compliment to the short story, in which she says that Americans excel, perhaps "because they have the advantage of an immense field of country and every variety of manners and of civilization, whereas in our old country the changes

are continually rung on ghosts and detectives, and the demand creates a very mediocre kind of supply." We are certainly obliged to Miss Yonge for her words of praise, but has she forgotten her Kipling? With all our advantages, the prince of short story writers is an Englishman, if he does make his home in Vermont.

ON THE OTHER hand, no less an experienced editor than Lord Frederic Hamilton, M. P., of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, when asked by a representative of *The Sketch* if he believed that in time the English magazine "will be to the front," replied:—

"Distinctly. For two reasons. In the first place, the reading matter of an English magazine appeals more vividly and with greater interest to an English public, as the new school of American writers devote themselves almost exclusively to American subjects, and it seems to me that life in the New World is far less full of incident and variety than in the Old. I think the best style of short story is simply to give incident and on very it in as few lines as possible—actors and circumstances."

I hesitate to set up my opinions against so expert a judgment, but cannot help thinking that the author's environment has very little to do with the subject. It makes little difference in the interest of Mr. Kipling's stories, whether their scenes are laid in the jungles of India, the slums of London or the mountains of Vermont. It is the writer, and not the scene, that gives character to the tale.

THE ITALIAN OPERA season ended in a blaze of glory on Tuesday night. Until after midnight the enthusiastic audience cheered the singers individually and collectively, gold wreaths and diamond-studded watches rained upon the stage, and for a time flowers were at a discount. Mr. Abbey feels a good deal like the Arab who let the camel into his tent. The success of Walter Damrosch's season of German opera has been a lesson to him—a lesson by which we will benefit, for he has arranged to give German opera next season, with Herr Seidl as conductor. Jean de Reszke will sing the principal tenor rôles, and Frau Blafsky, who made such an agreeable impression in London last summer, will be the prima donna. She is a young woman with a fine voice, and is pleasing to look at, which is not the rule with Wagnerian prime donne. Calvé, also, has been engaged for next season, but Eames, I believe, is not coming back. Mme. Nordica is, however, I am happy to say, and will share with Frau Blafsky the honors of the Wagner operas. Mme. Nordica has had the advantage of Frau Cosima's coaching. It will be a pleasure to hear German opera sung by fresh voices.

IT IS SAID that the business-men on the Bowery want the name of that interesting thoroughfare changed. And why, do you suppose? Because they say that the song, "The Bowery," sung in "A Trip to Chinatown," has "cast odium" upon that street. This seems to me very absurd, and yet I am told that the request for a change of name is made in all seriousness. Why, the Bowery has had a bad name longer than I can remember! Our grandfathers whistled the older song about the Bowery, whose girls were out to-night dancing by the light of the moon. And everyone knows that one of the first of our "institutions" that Thackeray asked to see was a "Bowery boy," and how he saw him and said to him in his most engaging manner, "I should like to go to the Broadway," to which the Bowery boy replied, "Then why the—don't you go there?" and how delighted Thackeray was by the encounter. Oh, no! if business is dead in the Bowery, it is not the song in the "Trip to Chinatown" that killed it.

I FIND THIS TELEGRAM in Tuesday's *Times*:—"DENVER, COL., April 29. Did Du Maurier write 'Trilby'? This novel question was propounded to-day in the United States Court in good faith, when the suit of Harper & Bros. and A. M. Palmer for an injunction against the Lyceum Stock Company to restrain them from producing 'Trilby' at their theatre was called. The defendants allege that the book entitled 'Trilby' was not originated, invented or written by Du Maurier. They assert that the original title and book of 'Trilby' were first published in France in 1820, and afterwards translated and published in English in 1847, and that the title and book have been common property for seventy-five years. The attorneys for the plaintiffs asked for time to communicate with their clients in New York as to the course they should pursue, and the Court postponed the hearing until Wednesday morning. Should the allegations of the Lyceum Company be true, a sensation will be caused all over the two continents. This is the first public intimation of an attack on the authenticity of the work, and if it is successful every company in

the world will have as much right to play 'Trilby' as the Boston organization." I have taken the liberty of italicizing the "if"; 'tis a little word, but O, how fondly dear! Nodier's "Trilby, le Lutin d'Argail," founded on a journey made in 1820, was published in Paris in 1822. It has just one thing in common with Du Maurier's book—the first word in its title.

* * *

E. C. OF NEW ALBANY, IND., thinks that "Trilby's" possibilities as a vehicle of evil to the much-considered American "young person" are emphasized by a conversation recently overheard by her between two feminine "young persons" in Indiana. "What is this 'Trilby' everybody is talking about?" asked one of these. "Oh," replied the other, "it's a book—a novel." "They say it is awfully bad," said the first young person. "Yes, I've heard so; but it isn't so at all. I read it clear through, and there wasn't anything bad in it. I didn't like it either; there is too much French in it." "French?" commented the first young woman; "well, that's it, then—all the bad part is in French." "I hadn't thought of that," mused the other one; "I suppose that's just the way of it. Anyway, it isn't nearly as good as 'Dally.'"

* * *

G. A. D. WRITES from Philadelphia to deplore the Quaker City's vulgarization of the name and fame of Trilby; and in justification of his plaint encloses a Chestnut Street dealer's advertisement of the "Trilby Sausage"! This, it is claimed, "is something new, and fills a long-felt want"; "they melt in your mouth." They don't melt in G. A. D.'s mouth, but they rattle in his aesthetic soul. "What next?" he exclaims; "an Ophelia tooth-wash, a Duchess of Towers garbage-pail!" My correspondent has not yet heard of the "Trilby Ham." This, if anything, is worse than the Sausage. It has been heard of in this city; whether or no it originated here, I do not care to inquire. But in an Eighth Avenue dime-museum, there are "ten Trilbys," and visitors vote for the handsomest!

* * *

THE BRONTË MUSEUM at Haworth is now an accomplished fact. It is full of relics of the Brontë family, and will no doubt be a popular shrine for American pilgrims. The most interesting relic of the Brontë family will not be in this Museum, however. It is the Rev. Arthur Nicoll, Charlotte Brontë's husband, who lives in Ireland, where he has recently been visited by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who is writing a Brontë memorial volume.

* * *

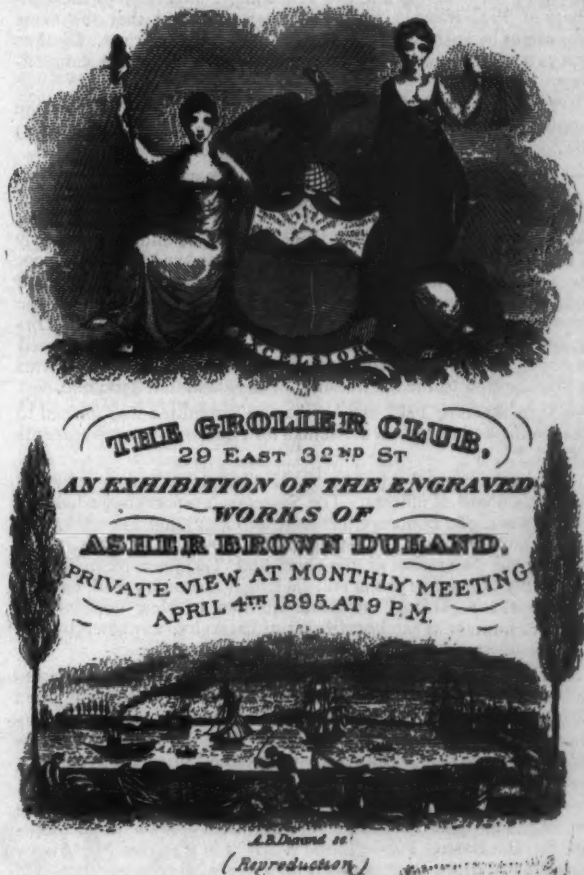
THE REV. E. A. ANGELL writes to me from Bridgeport, Conn.:—"I have lately seen for the first time a book entitled 'Through Colonial Doorways,' written by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, and published some two years since by J. B. Lippincott Co. In this book the writer states that Washington, our first President, opened his inaugural ball in New York with Mrs. James Duane, the wife of the Mayor of that city. This may have been the natural thing to do, according to official etiquette, but I have been taught that the actual fact was something entirely different. It has always been a tradition in our family that my wife's great-grandmother, Mary Ball, who was own cousin to Washington, enjoyed that high honor. Indeed, it is something more than a tradition; for I have written and printed documents sufficient to establish it as a historic verity. I suppose that the world would move on much the same, were this correction left unmade. However, it is just as well to have history correct, if possible; and furthermore, the mother side of Washington's family has received but scant consideration at the hands of the historian; hence I feel moved to make this slight contribution to the truth of history."

The Fine Arts

Durand's Engravings at the Grolier Club

THE LATE Asher Brown Durand is of sufficient importance as engraver and as painter to merit special notice from students of American art. The exhibition of his engravings now open at the Grolier Club is largely composed of the engraver's own proofs, and is therefore thoroughly representative. It includes many early book-illustrations and vignettes, interesting not only from the artistic qualities displayed in them, but as excellent examples of the sort of work that preceded the renaissance of wood-engraving. Among these are views of a Roman trireme, of Noah's ark, Egyptian wheat and other such subjects which hardly call for artistic treatment; yet artistic feeling is plainly evident in their handling. The later illustrations to Shakespeare, Scott, Byron,

Thomson and other British poets, after English designs, show increased skill in the use of the burin. Of the numerous portraits we can signalize only a few, important either as engravings or from their subjects. Durand's style, which combined a firm and delicate handling of the flesh with a bold use of the line in drapery and accessories, is perhaps best appreciated in his larger portraits, like those of Oliver Wolcott, the Rev. J. B. Romeyn, the Rev. John M. Mason and Elias Boudinot; but smaller and more delicate works must be included, such as his medallion portrait of DeWitt Clinton, his portraits of Washington in uniform, of Charles Car-



roll of Carrollton and of Trumbull, the painter. Of Durand's best-known work, his engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," fine impressions of various states are shown. His work that is most highly esteemed among amateurs, however, is his engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne." Of this no less than eight states are shown, together with Durand's excellent reduced copy in oils from the original painting in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The catalogue, which, unlike those of several recent exhibitions of the Club, has been issued in time to be of use to visitors, nevertheless shows no signs of haste. It is to be hoped that the precedent thus set will be followed in future. The date of opening was changed after our reproduction of the invitation card was made.

We may refer readers who wish to gain a general idea of Durand, his works and surroundings, to his son's interesting "Life and Times of A. B. Durand," reviewed in *The Critic* of Feb. 2.

Art Notes

MR. GUSTAV KRUELL is one of the few wood-engravers still employed by the magazines, but he has found time to engrave some portraits specially for amateurs. Proofs of nearly 200 of his works have been exhibited at Keppel's gallery. Most are portraits, and among them two small profiles of Gen. Grant in civilian costume, a large bust of Daniel Webster, a half-length portrait of Gen. Stuart and a medallion of John Murray, the publisher, after a miniature, are particularly worthy of the collector's attention. There are many portraits of authors, actors, artists, military men and distinguished Americans. It is to be hoped that the exhibi-

tion received the attention it merited, and that it will lead to others in which proofs of the best wood-engravings of the last two decades may be shown.

—The McKim Fellowship in Architecture (\$2000) has been awarded to Mr. John Russell Pope, who has won, also, a scholarship of \$1500 instituted in the newly established American School of Architecture in Rome. Mr. Pope is a New Yorker and a graduate of the School of Architecture in Columbia College (1894). Mr. Pope may still win with his successful drawings the Rotch Travelling Scholarship and the Travelling Scholarship of the University of Pennsylvania, as it had been arranged that the same plans might be entered in competition for all these prizes. Designs for a savings-bank were the subject required in all these competitions.

—The twenty-eighth semi-annual exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened with a reception yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

—The highest price paid at the dissolution sale of the collection of paintings, objects of art, etc., of the American Art Association, was \$50,000, for Van Dyke's portrait of the Marchesa di Spinola. The picture was purchased by Knoedler & Co., and will probably go back to Europe. A Troyon brought \$5050, and a Corot \$5600. Prices were much lower throughout than those at the Seney and Morgan sales, some years ago. It was stated that several of the canvases had been bought for the Boston Museum, but Gen. Loring, the Director, has declared that this is not so. He expressed the hope, however, that some of the Trustees had bought pictures for presentation to the institution. The sale netted \$300,000.

—At a meeting held on April 29, a committee was formed to advance the building of an art-school for American women students in Paris.

—At its meeting of April 29, the Municipal Art Society reelected last year's board of officers. The Secretary's report showed eleven life-members, one honorary member, and 423 annual members, as against 476 last year. Of the \$5000 prize won by Edward Simmons for the decoration of the Oyer and Terminer room in the New Court House, \$1500 is still lacking. Secretary Bell made a few remarks regarding the small number of New Yorkers who evince an interest in the beautifying of their city, as shown by the small membership of the Society.

Nearly \$7000 worth of valuable engravings have been stolen from M. Knoedler & Co., the successors of Goupil & Co. It is supposed that they were taken from a van in transit to the firm's new quarters at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Part of the pictures have since been returned by dealers and private buyers in a manner that reflects pleasantly upon the honesty of mankind.

—*Harper's Weekly* of April 20 contained a four-page reproduction of "The Seat Perilous," one of Mr. Abbey's large paintings for the Boston Public Library. If it is true that Mr. Abbey owns the copyright on these paintings, we wish to suggest to him that he reproduce them in colors, after the manner of the Arundel Society's publications. The *Weekly* of May 4 has a striking innovation in the form of four pages printed in colors, the illustrations by W. S. Vanderbilt Allen accompanying a paper on "Spring and the Sportsman," by James Barnes.

—The Salon at the Champs Elysées was opened on May 1, with an exhibition that is said to rank distinctly above the average. Among the artists represented, there are sixty-two Americans and Canadians. Mr. MacMonnies exhibits his model of Shakespeare, destined for the Congressional Library. "Fairylend," two children leaning on a table, reading a book of fairy-tales, by Wilhelmine D. Hawley of New York, is highly spoken of.

—Jules Roulleau, who died in Paris the other day at the age of forty, stood, in the opinion of many, at the head of the younger French sculptors. Among his works is the statue of Joan of Arc at Chinon, near Tours. His last work is a monument to the memory of President Carnot for the city of Nolay, which he had nearly finished.

Notes

"SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS," by Robert Bridges, announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, is a volume uniform with "Overheard in Arcady." It is made up of brief comment and criticism upon the most-talked-of books and authors of recent months. These appear in several novel forms. The first division of the book, "Suppressed Chapters," contains satires upon such books as Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," Sharp's "Vistas"

and Du Maurier's "Trilby." Another division, "Arcadian Letters," is in the form of correspondence addressed to imaginary characters, often from a book of the day. There is, also, a division devoted to "Books that Everybody Reads," including "Lord Ormont," "The Manxman," "Trilby," "Tess," "Ships that Pass in the Night" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." The section called "Friends in Arcady" contains colloquial sketches of C. D. Gibson, A. B. Frost, E. S. Martin, Marion Crawford and others. There is, further, a discussion of recent Scotch fiction writers, under the title of "The Literary Partition of Scotland," and a concluding chapter of "Arcadian Opinions," containing certain Christmas sketches and other "fanciful conceits" that have to do with contemporary books and writers.

—"The Plated City" is the name of a novel by Bliss Perry, author of "The Broughton House," which the Messrs. Scribner announce.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce, in their Riverside Literature Series, a book for higher grades of schools, containing some of the best poems of Gray and Cowper, with biographical sketches and notes. There will be, also, a prose selection, "The Treatment of his Hares," written by Cowper for *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

—The Merriam Co. announces "The Company Doctor," a novel by Henry Edward Rood, who for nearly three years lived among Poles, Magyars, Italians, Sicilians and Slovaks, in the coal regions, along lines of railroads, etc., working with them, attending their dances and funerals, taking part in strikes, and thoroughly familiarizing himself with their ideas as to citizenship, education, socialism, superstitions, and so forth.

—J. Selwin Tait & Sons announce the publication of the first novel of the Zenda Series. It is by David Malcolm and is entitled "A Fiend Incarnate." They publish, also, John Strange Winter's latest work, "The Major's Favorite."

—G. P. Putnam's Sons' announcements include "William the Silent," by Ruth Putnam, in the Heroes of the Nations Series; "Wild Flowers of the North-Eastern States," by Margaret C. Whiting and Ellen Miller; "A Gender in Satin," by Rita, and "Every Day's News," by a new writer, in the Incognito Library; "Natural Taxation," by Thomas G. Shearman; and "Water Tramps; or, The Cruise of the 'Sea-Bird,'" by George H. Bartlett.

—Prof. Berlitz has just published an edition of his French method, adapted to the needs of children. The book is illustrated, and will be followed in September by a German book on the same lines.

—Mr. B. F. Stevens, the editor and publisher of the well-known Facsimiles of Documents in English and French Archives, has just issued "Americus Vespuccius: A Critical and Documentary Review of Two Recent English Books Concerning that Navigator," by Henry Harris.

—Macmillan & Co. announce for early publication "The Essentials of New Testament Greek," by Prof. J. H. Huddleston of the Northwestern University. The object of this book is to furnish what must be known in order to read the New Testament in the original. There will be a brief introduction, dealing with how the New Testament happened to be written in Greek, and the main differences between the New Testament Greek and that of the classical period.

—The Lowman & Hanford Stationery & Printing Co. of Seattle announces a book on Alaska, by Miner W. Bruce, for six years special Government agent there, and the founder of the U. S. Reindeer Station at Port Clarence, Alaska. The book will contain a large map and numerous illustrations.

—The *May Century* contains a picture of the tree under which is buried the heart of Dr. Livingstone, in equatorial Africa, with a description by Mr. E. J. Glave.

—In the *May Atlantic*, Percival Lowell begins a series of papers on Mars. John Bach McMaster deals with "The Political Depravity of Our Fathers," and Paul Leicester Ford with Dr. Rush and Washington. T. R. Sullivan discusses "A Standard Theatre."

—Miss Grace Chisholm, an Englishwoman, has taken the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Goettingen, with the express permission of the Prussian Minister of Education. The event has attracted much attention in Germany, as it seems to indicate that the Emperor has withdrawn his opposition to the admission of women to German universities.

—Miss Field has suspended, probably for a year, the publication of that bright weekly, *Kate Field's Washington*. Ill-health, the result of over-work, compels her to take a long rest.

—Charles H. Levermore, Ph.D., will lecture on "William Livingston, a Leader of the Sons of Liberty," to-night in Brooklyn, this being the third of the four All Souls' Historical Lectures to the School Children of Brooklyn on Eminent New Yorkers. On May 10, Truman J. Backus, LL.D., will lecture on "Alexander Hamilton." The lectures already delivered are "Arendt van Culer, the Pioneer and Founder," by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, and "Jacob Leisler, the Forerunner of the Revolution," by Elbridge S. Brooks, M.A.

—Mr. W. D. Howells begins a department in *Harper's Weekly* of May 4, called "Life and Letters," which, in this introductory instalment, deals with the modern young woman.

—In a communication to the *Tribune*, Mr. George Hannah suggests that the three libraries constituting the New York Library be kept separate, though controlled by one board. The Lenox, he says, is a bibliographical museum, which should be further enriched by the rare books and manuscripts in the Astor Library. The latter should be made the reference library for students of all sorts, and be located in a central portion of the city. The Tilden Trust should be devoted to the free circulating department of the new institution.

—Gov. Morton has sent to the Senate the name of Hugh Hastings, to be State Historian, an office which has just been created. It will be the State Historian's duty to compile State history with regard to the Colonial and Revolutionary wars, the War of 1812 and the Civil War. The salary is \$4000, the tenure of office four years.

—On March 28 the Misses Ely and their pupils gave an entertainment at their house in Riverside Drive for the benefit of a free kindergarten and club-house for working-girls, to be opened in this city. Last year the school established Ely House at Thompsonville, N. Y., as a summer home for working-girls; this year the aim is more comprehensive—a kindergarten by day, a girls' club by night. Music by the first Yale Glee Club, and a sale of works of well-known authors, with their autographs, were features of the entertainment, which netted \$1200.

—Gustav Freitag, the German novelist and playwright, died at Wiesbaden on April 30.

The Free Parliament

ANSWERS

1775.—"Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" (fairly good "authority") has this (Vol. III, p. 517):—"While he [John P. Kennedy] was abroad, he became a friend of William M. Thackeray. On one occasion, in Paris, when 'The Virginians' was in course of publication in monthly numbers in London, Thackeray spoke of his disinclination to supply the printer with 'copy' for the next chapter, and said, jestingly, 'I wish you would write one for me.' 'Well,' said Kennedy, 'so I will, if you will give me the run of the story.' The result was that Kennedy wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of 'The Virginians,' which accounts for the accuracy of the descriptions of the local scenery about Cumberland, with which Kennedy was familiar, and which Thackeray had never seen."

ASHEVILLE, TENN.

R. L. C. WHITE.

Publications Received

Atherton, Gertrude F. Los Cerritos. 50c.	Lovell, Corvill & Co.
Austin, Alfred. Madonna's Child. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Berlitz, M. D. Methode Berlitz. Partie Française.	Berlitz & Co.
Bell, Lillian. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. \$1.25.	Stone & Kimball.
Boothby, Guy. A Lost Endeavor. 75c.	Macmillan & Co.
Borgeaud, Charles. Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions. 5c.	Macmillan & Co.
Bourget, Paul. Outre-Mer. \$1.75.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. Two Women and a Fool.	Stone & Kimball.
Conrad, Joseph. Almayer's Folly. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Corser, C. W. S. Robert Blake.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Coleridge, Ernest H. Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 2 vols.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Davis, M. E. M. Under the Man-fig. \$1.25.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Defoe, Daniel. Romances and Narratives. Edited by Duncan Campbell. Vol. IV. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Dickens, Charles. Bleak House. \$1.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Ellis, Edward S. The Path in the Ravine.	Porter & Coates.
Ford, Paul L. Writings of T. Jefferson. Vol. V. \$5.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Furness, H. H. Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Vol. XI.	J. B. Lippincott & Co.
Fretwell, John. Newfoundland and the Jingo. 35c.	Boston: G. H. Ellis.
Gardner, Alice. Julian the Philosopher. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gates, Ellen M. B. The Treasures of Kurium. \$1.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
George, A. J. Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. 20c.	Burke on Conciliation with America. 30c.
Glascock, Will H. Stories of Columbia.	D. C. Heath & Co.
Halevy, Ladovic. The Abbe Constantia.	D. Appleton & Co.
Harrison, Henry. Americus Vesputius.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Harris, William T. International Education Series. Vol. XXX.	London: B. F. Stevens.
	D. Appleton & Co.

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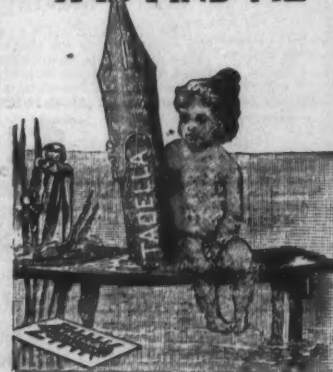
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 Raimond, C. E. The New Moon. \$1.
 Rhys, Ernest. Lyrical Poetry from the Bible. \$1.
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 Solal, Arthur H. Le Chant du Cygne.
 Vines, Sydney H. A Student's Text-Book of Botany. \$2.
 Warming, E., and M. C. Potter. Handbo. k of Systematic Botany. \$3.75.
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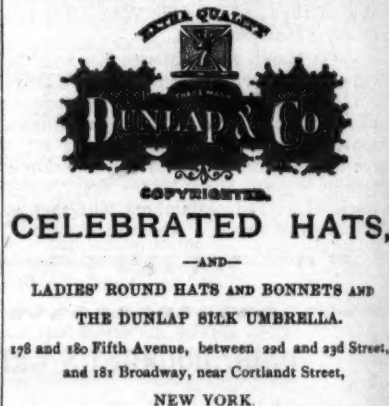
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